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W. R. HEARST.

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WEATHER—Rain; cooler to-night; wind becoming high.

Henry George's Last Message.

I wish to say I have advised no one to vote for Mr. Low. In a way, Mr. Low and myself stand for the same principle in this campaign. He is a reformer and I am a reformer. But Mr. Low is an aristocratic reformer and I am from the common people. Mr. Low is a Republican and I am a Democrat! I advise no one to vote for Mr. Low. I would not vote for him myself.

I am opposed to sumptuary laws, to rule by State bosses or city bosses, to the Dingley bill and all things which conflict with the liberty of this people. I believe in the freedom of trade and thought and speech and eating and drinking. I believe in the freedom of men and the affairs of men as far as one man does not overstep the rights of another. I stand for the restoration of the Democracy of Jefferson.—*From the speech delivered by Henry George at Flushing the night before his death.*

Seth Low's Combined Condolence and Bid for George Votes.

I would like to avail myself of this opportunity to express to the family of Mr. George my sincere sympathy in their irreparable loss. During the campaign Mr. George repeatedly recognized that fundamentally this is a fight against bossism and all that that implies in political degradation and corruption. In view of Mr. George's death I wish therefore to say to the people of the city that I shall give myself to this contest in their behalf with a newer and higher resolve, as though I had received it as a last charge from his dying lips.

A Republican Organ's Exposition of Republican Policy.

Either Seth Low or Robert A. Van Wyck will be the next Mayor. Does any Republican doubt that the election of Seth Low will be hailed by his party throughout the country as a victory of Republican principles? Or that the election of Van Wyck will be a serious blow to the party for which the leaders of the Republican organization will be held responsible?—*From the New York Tribune.*

SOME LAST WORDS.

The tumult and the shouting are over, and to-day, in the quiet of the polling booths, the citizens of Greater New York will decide the issue made up for them by the contending aspirants for their favor. Let us take this last opportunity of recalling to their minds the facts that have been obscured by the tom-tomming of the past few weeks.

Three months ago, as the Journal has already pointed out, there was only one issue before the people. It was whether sham "reform," with all that it had brought to New York—Raines laws, persecution of citizens, destruction of personal liberty, defiance of public sentiment, high taxes, increased debt, chaotic streets, overcrowded schools and the rest—should be indorsed. It was whether the policy of imposing upon a city made up of so many nationalities, with such varied and complex interests, the methods of government that would suit a little village should be continued. The vast majority of New Yorkers were aflame with righteous anger. The indignation was not confined to Democrats. Republicans were equal sufferers and equally resentful. Rooseveltism, the rigid enforcement of the Raines law against the almost unanimous protests of the people affected, and the blockade for more than a year of the chief residential avenue of the city, pressed as hard on one party as on the other. Even in the days of Tweed public sentiment was not more openly and insolently defied. The only issue then was whether the outrage masked under the name of "reform" should continue.

On these lines the result of the campaign was settled in advance. The signs of revolution were in the air. A sweeping Democratic victory was an absolute certainty.

The simple issue thus presented has been beclouded by every device of political deviltry. The campaign that closes to-day has hardly had its parallel for viciousness. The extent to which poisoned weapons have been used may be realized from the fact that a Low organ, the World, last Friday quoted the statement of a Democratic speaker that the Democracy wanted revenge for the deceptions of the Strong campaign, garbled it to make it seem to apply to Henry George, headed it "A Prophecy and Its Fulfilment," and printed in a parallel column the statement: "Henry George died this morning." This dastardly insinuation that the death of George was the result of foul play on the part of his political opponents was on a par with the whole Apache campaign conducted by that organ and its associates.

The Democratic position at the outset of the campaign was absolutely impregnable, and there has been no alteration in it since. The platform adopted was a pledge of the restoration to the city of a government resting on the tolerant, liberal, common-sense basis on which a great cosmopolitan metropolis ought to be administered. The Democracy regarded New York as it should be regarded. They appreciated the fact that it was the most complex in the world—the second city on the globe in population; the first in the intricacy of the problems to be solved in its administration. The main problem was how to give the people themselves an opportunity to control their own government.

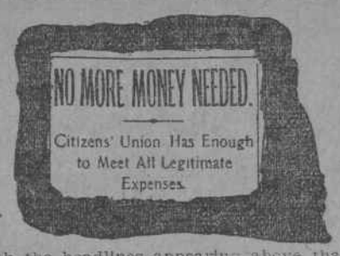
The opponents of the party of popular rule resorted to all discoverable side issues to distract the attention of the people from the essential points to be decided. Nothing could be said against the personal character of Judge Van Wyck, the Democratic candidate for Mayor. He was the highest Judge of an important court; he had a clean record, and his official acts, when searched from the beginning by the microscope of political hostility, disclosed no blemish. The party hacks had been ordered to the rear and an exceptionally good ticket nominated. Still the side issues were vigorously exploited. The opponents of the Democracy worked themselves up to a state of hysteria. They could say nothing against the actual Democratic candidates, but they constructed a Frankenstein monster, composed of all the disreputable politicians that might have been nominated and were not, and denounced that.

The contest is now between Robert A. Van Wyck, Chief Judge of the City Court, the one Democratic candidate, and Seth Low, the aristocratic reformer, vouched for by Mayor Strong as one who can be depended upon to continue to furnish the brand of reform by which his own administration has been distinguished. When the people go to the polls to-day they should put out of their minds all the frenzy of the campaign, and decide coolly what methods of government they wish to promote. If they want more sham "reform," of the Strong, Collis and Chapman variety, let them vote for the man pledged to give it to them. If they want their government restored to the rule of the majority, under a clean, tolerant, common-sense and progressive policy, let them say so by their ballots.

The important thing is to remember clearly what the real issue is. It is the continuance or abolition of the sort of government the city has been getting for the past three years. If the voters think that the proper functions of government include defying public sentiment, suppressing personal liberty, and keeping the population in a state of excitement, turmoil and rebellion, they have an opportunity to get some more of the kind of government they like. If they believe in the Democratic principles that have always been supported by the majority of the people here, let them give the Democratic candidates a commission to reverse the policy of oppression. Let them work for the repeal of the Raines law, the municipal ownership of franchises, dollar gas, more schools, the abolition of the police spy system, low taxes and the restoration of the streets to public use. If they want these changes, the ballot is in their hands for the purpose of getting them.

There is no need of shouting, or hysteria, or calling names. The two candidates are men personally of clean character. One, in his associations and the influences that control him, is an aristocrat. The other, in the same respects is a man of the people. The question at issue is impersonal. It is simply whether the conditions that brought about the great revolt of three months ago shall continue. If the people like those conditions, let them vote by all means to perpetuate them. And then let them petition the Legislature to abolish their complicated metropolitan frame of government and give them a new charter.

MONOPOLISTS TAKE CARE OF THEIR OWN.



It was with the headlines appearing above that an anti-Democratic Low organ introduced the announcement of the Citizens' Union Campaign Committee that it was suffering from an embarrassment of riches. No such phenomenon was ever seen in American politics before. It is the most impressive exhibition of the solidarity of wealth our history can show.

Yesterday the Schiff-Morgan syndicate exhibited its proprietorship of the National Government by compelling the Administration, in the face of an aroused and indignant public opinion, to give it possession of the Union Pacific. It is now trying to acquire a similar proprietorship of the government of New York City. There are railroads here more important and more profitable than the Union Pacific. The Democratic platform foreshadows their acquisition by the public, to be run in the interest of the whole people. The capitalists who have just captured one road already half owned by the public have serious objections to advances by the public upon ground now exclusively occupied by capitalists. The Democratic demand for the municipal ownership of franchises has arrayed every monopolist in the city against the Democracy. The Wall Street rings and trusts are behind Seth Low. They are prepared to attempt the defeat of the people by the use of money.

Low is a Republican and I am a Democrat.—Henry George's Last Speech.

Low is an aristocratic reformer.—Henry George's Last Speech.

REST IN PEACE.

Henry George is at rest. Quietly, unobtrusively, as he would have wished, his body was taken yesterday from the mourning multitudes that had pressed about it and laid where the roar of political conflict is hushed and the tired brain is at peace.

The scenes that have been witnessed in New York since the death of the great apostle of labor have shown how unique was the position occupied by Henry George in the hearts of this people. His funeral was not that of the leader of a class; it was that of a civic hero. It was instinctively compared with those of Lincoln and Grant—both, it may be said, men as humble in origin as George himself, and victors like him over adverse fate.

The man who, a few years ago, was reviled as a pestilent agitator has been followed to the tomb by the homage of the civilized world. It is a magnificent proof of the power of a noble character to conquer even the bitterest prejudices, and compel honor by the sheer power of deserving it.

I advise no one to vote for Seth Low. I would not vote for him myself.—Henry George's Last Speech.

Low is an aristocratic reformer.—Henry George's Last Speech.

THE REMNANT OF THE STEAL.

The sale of the Union Pacific Railroad to the Reorganization Committee leaves the Government with a fragment of the Kansas Pacific on its hands, with the chance that it will realize nothing for its lien of more than thirteen million dollars.

The two should have gone together on terms that would have made the Government good for its entire loan. Selling the Union Pacific separately made a sham of the advance of $3,000,000 upon the first offer and the pretended liquidation of the entire obligation.

It will be easy for those who come into control now, by constructing a short parallel section, to cut the Kansas Pacific out of the system and leave the Government to whistle for its debt. There is no means of forcing an equitable settlement for the remainder of the lien, and the Government is liable to lose the whole debt secured on the Kansas Pacific.

This leaves intact at least half the steal originally contemplated, and the Administration at Washington cannot escape the responsibility. The sharp game for cheating the Government has been played by the same forces that have arrayed themselves behind Seth Low's candidacy for Mayor of Greater New York. Those who have the most reason to regret it are the friends of McKinley who were anxious to see his Administration clear of financial scandals.

I advise no one to vote for Seth Low. I would not vote for him myself.—Henry George's Last Speech.

Low is an aristocratic reformer.—Henry George's Last Speech.

DEMOCRATS, VOTE STRAIGHT!

Nothing could be simpler or easier than voting the Democratic ticket with the blanket ballot. You only have to unfold it and put a cross mark like the letter X in the circle under the star at the top of the second column, and refold the ballot, and the thing is done.

There is every reason for voting straight. A Democratic Mayor should have the support and cooperation of a Democratic majority in both branches of the Municipal Assembly. It will be necessary to the smooth working of the new government. Otherwise there is likely to be obstruction and difficulty.

It will also be important to do everything possible to get rid of Republican control in the Assembly at Albany. Democrats should not divide in their support of legislative candidates, and the only sure way to give them united support is to vote the whole ticket.

Everybody who is disgusted with Plattism and wishes to reverse the Raines law policy, everybody who desires to promote the cause of home rule for Greater New York, must vote for Democrats for the Legislature, and the same reason should induce him to vote the straight Democratic ticket. It is not only easy, but it is right.

Low is a Republican and I am a Democrat.—Henry George's Last Speech.

I advise no one to vote for Seth Low. I would not vote for him myself.—Henry George's Last Speech.

Apotheosis of Bourke Cockran.

FROM time to time it has been my pleasure to keep the world advised of the social aspirations and achievements of Mr. W. Bourke Cockran, that brilliant and distinguished product of the County Sligo, who has run the gamut of American politics from Tammany Hall to the support of McKinley, and is now engaged in the aristocratic pastime of trying to elect General Tracy Mayor of New York.

But it is not of Mr. Cockran's chameleon career as a politician that I would speak. Anything so unutterably vulgar as vote-getting is quite without my province as the daily chronicler of the doings of the sacred Four Hundred.

Mr. Cockran is an object of interest to me because he is something of a curiosity in a world that is as new and strange to him as he is to it.

Until Mr. Perry Belmont, who is noted as the exclusive of exclusives, took up Mr. Bourke Cockran and injected him into the opera set last Winter we had never heard of the Chesterfield from Sligo.

But the recommendation of Mr. Perry Belmont goes a long way in his own set, and the result was that in a little while Mr. Bourke Cockran became quite a lion in two or three of the most conspicuous boxes of the "glittering horseshoe."

After that Mr. Belmont took his protege to Newport for a breath of upper-class ozone, and, when he had got him properly inflated, turned him loose in the city-by-the-sea.

Thus it was that we came gradually to study Mr. Bourke Cockran.

We found him a handsome, affable man, a bit pedagogic in conversation—an effect of early avocation—and a trifle constrained in manner—a natural consequence of unaccustomed surroundings and new acquaintances.

On the whole, however, we were compelled to admit that Mr. Bourke Cockran acquitted himself remarkably well, and some of us even went to the extent of congratulating Mr. Perry Belmont on the natural gifts and quick intelligence of his "find."

Since then Mr. Cockran has devoted himself assiduously to society—so assiduously, indeed, that I am told it required the full strength of the National Administration to induce him to forego his plutocratic pastimes long enough to become even an incident of plutocratic politics.

But that is another story.

The thing that projects Mr. Bourke Cockran into the iris of the eye of fashion at this moment is the hunt breakfast that he gave to the Meadowbrook Club Saturday at his country seat, "The Cedars," near Sands Point.

"The Cedars" is an old place. Mr. Cockran boasts that for 200 years it has stood as a landmark on the north shore of Long Island.

Mr. Cockran's connection with it, however, extends over a period of time that is very much nearer two years than two centuries.

But that is immaterial to American society in spite of the fact that we prate so incessantly about our ancestors and make such bold pretence of tracing our lineage back to princes and potentates.

The substantial fact is in evidence that Mr. Cockran owns "The Cedars" and paid for the breakfast.

There is a story in circulation to the effect that, when Mr. Cockran was a poor school teacher and local politician in Westchester County, he used to look across the dimpling waters of the Sound to the shining white beach of Sands Point and long for a residence there, and that thus looking and longing he made a vow all unto himself that some day he would own an ancestral hall over there (the hall of somebody else's ancestors), and give a hunt breakfast.

Personally I do not take much stock in this story. It seems to me to be one of those post facto fabrications invented to fit the circumstances of exalted success.

You know that when Lord Rosebery won the Derby some fanciful individual suddenly discovered that when the Earl was a boy he vowed to marry the richest heiress in Great Britain, to become Prime Minister of the realm and to win the blue ribbon of the English turf.

It is an easy bet that he never made any such vow, but since he achieved all these honors and profits, it would be disloyal to the appropriateness of fiction to deny that he made his own forecast and followed it to success.

And so it is with Mr. Bourke Cockran. He has the ancestral hall at Sands Point, and has given a hunt breakfast, and whether or not he made the alleged vow in the days of his poverty to do these things really matters little.

The glory of a thing is in the doing rather than in the foretelling. And to give a hunt breakfast is a glorious thing. Anybody can go to the opera and pose in the lobbies, or drop in upon Newport and drive on Bellevue avenue.

But to give a hunt breakfast and get the lum-tum horsy, doggy, Long Island set to come to it is indeed a rare achievement.

In its way it recalls not only the prophecies and deeds of Lord Rosebery, but the mysterious foresights and marvellous achievements of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Mr. Perry Belmont should be proud of his protege.

There is only one thing more for Mr. Bourke Cockran to do in order to cap his social fame. He should learn at once to ride so as to follow the hounds as well as to feed the hunters.

Then by the measure of society will he be second only to "Purr" Collier, whose fame afoot and afield is so resplendent that it is glory enough for any man to be rated next to him.

There will be little regret among the chappies that the racing season in New York will end with to-day's contests at Morris Park.

Those of us that have bucked the "bookies" have fared but poorly.

Indeed, I don't know anybody that is ahead of the game, unless it is Willie Laimbeer, and his winnings have been made over his own horses.

Two or three field-glass dudes that blossomed in the Spring with an efflorescence that dazzled the betting ring are now in sad and sorrowful retirement, and have been so for many moons.

Of horse owners the Thompson boys, Hennen Morris, August Belmont and James R. Keene are at the top of the list of winners, with Willie Laimbeer, James Galway, Oliver Belmont and the Hitchcocks well placed in the second class.

But Arthur White, Dickie Wilson, Elliot Cowdin, Sam Howland, Harry Payne Whitney, Jack Follansbee, William O. B. McDonough, Craig Wadsworth, Billy Hayes, the Ballston Spa Smiths, E. D. Morgan, Frank Beard, W. Astor Chanler, A. Cisson and Eddie Kelly have made so poor a showing that their bills for oats must be very much larger than the earnings of their horses.

Of this third class, Arthur White has been the most successful, and Harry Whitney the least. If I am not wrong, young Whitney's colors were never "one, two, three" the whole season.

Racing as a pastime is all right, but if any dude gets it into his head that there is money in it for him as a bettor it were well for him to go at once to an expert on mental diseases and have his brain examined.

Incidentally it may be said that the whole racing world is unanimous on one point—the railroad service to Morris Park is the most diabolical that was ever devised.

The ancestors of the people that daily torture visitors to this track must have had to do with the Spanish inquisition.

If there were no other cause for rejoicing the escape from the delays, the discomforts, the irritations and the filth of this service would be enough to make race-goers thank the Lord that the season is at an end.

Dear old Stanley Mortimer, the bravest spirit that ever chased a polo ball or an anise seed bag, is hobbling about Tuxedo on crutches in a fair but slow way to recovery from the broken leg that he got on the polo field at Newport last Summer.

When Stanley fell on that fateful day he cried out in the agony of his injury that he was done up for at least six weeks.

The estimate was too low, but he is getting along all right now and all the Four Hundred will rejoice at the prospect of his early and complete recovery.

Freddie Gebhard is in town and looking as fit as possible.

He was never handsomer or healthier, and there is a glow to his cheeks and a snap to his step that recall the old days when his muscle was the admiration and envy of chappiedom.

He and Jack Follansbee go often together to the Morris Park races, but they do little else than look on.

Freddie Gebhard seems to be content to let his turf fame rest upon the achievements of Eole, St. Saviour and that string of valiant racers that carried his polka-dots to victory so often more than a dozen years ago.

The following items of news have come to me from Newport:

In the Supreme Court yesterday the case brought by Harper Pennington against S. S. Howland was assigned for trial. Mr. Pennington sues to recover $1,500 for two portraits he painted of Mrs. Howland during the Winter of '94 and '95.

Mrs. A. T. Kemp gave a dinner last night in honor of Miss Virginia Fair, who is her guest for a few days.

Mrs. Potter Palmer closed her cottage last night and left for New York, where she will remain until after the Horse Show. Then she will go to Chicago. It is now very doubtful if the Palmers will spend another season at Newport, but it will be no fault of Mrs. Palmer, who has been feted by the best cottagers. Mr. Palmer is not particularly fond of Newport.

Maurice Grau, whom the wealth and fashion of New York regard with special favor for the operatic performances that he has given them, got back from Europe Saturday and fell at once among the Philistines, of whom Frank Sanger, golf fiend of the Fairfax Country Club, and Henry Dazian, fancy ball costumer to the Four Hundred, are chief.

When the game was over and the chips were cashed, Mr. Grau said reflectively and somewhat sadly:

"I like Paris. New York has too much poker and too little profit."

And then Dazian and Sanger shook hands and said together:

"You are wrong, Maurice. New York is the best city on the earth and you are too good a thing not to be a permanent part of it."

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

Low is a Republican and I am a Democrat.—Henry George's Last Speech.

THE DEATH OF CUPID.

A sound like the rumble of distant thunder,
Or the swelling tide of a stormy sea;
The dull world halted to hear and wonder—
Lo! woman had risen and sworn to be free!
Free from oppression and free from evil,
From moss-grown custom and man-made law;
And the stars looked down on a strange upheaval,
And the moon grew pale at sights she saw.
The voice of women swelled louder and bolder,
Like a turbulent river through space it ran,
From the sweet sex bondage to which God sold her,
In the very first covenant made with man.
She rose and shattered each time-worn fetter,
And flung them behind her, "Now all shall see,"
She cried: "how the world will be purer and better,
And life will be broader because of me!"
She shone like a new star newly risen;
Mankind, astonished, stood still to gaze;
But she shunned, as a freedman shuns a prison,
The home and old-time habits and ways.
She looked on romance as a fairy story,
She flung off the garments that gave her grace;
She outstripped man on the road to glory,
And pushed him back in the market place.
She cries from the summit of great achievement,
"Behold the truth of the things I said!"
And she seemed not to know of her own bereavement,
And the whole world's loss—for Love is dead.
Battered and bruised in the market places,
He fled to the home from whence she passed;
And there, with his lips pressed close to her laces
And cast-off garments, Love breathed his last.

Pearson's Weekly.

I advise no one to vote for Mr. Low. I would not vote for him myself.—Henry George's Last Speech.

Valuable Moments.

[Cleveland Leader.]

The chilling winds are blowing,
And the Autumn days are going;
Soon, ah soon, it will be snowing,
And icicles will be growing
On the whiskers of the men who have to face the wintry blast.
But the thing that makes me saddest,
Or, perhaps, I should say maddest,
Is the fact that at this juncture
I should get a nasty puncture,
And not be able to make use of all these moments while they last.

Trick Shooting of Little Value.

WITH the coming on of Winter the shooting galleries on the Bowery and Third avenue have their annual boom. They afford the young men and boys endless and, let it be said, harmless enjoyment in fondly dreaming that they are fast making themselves crack shots by ringing bells, shooting running deer and breaking an odd glass ball as it passes before their vision at a distance of about, say, twenty feet. The latter feat always suggests to the small boy that he is getting very near to the glass ball breakers of the Wild West shows. In point of fact he is really nearer to this acme of perfection than he fondly imagines. When he does break a glass ball, he breaks it honestly, which is more than the trick shooters can say, if Captain Jack Crawford, "the poet scout," with whom I had an interesting chat on stage and trick shooting the other day, over in Brooklyn, is to be credited.

"The trick rifle shooting seen on the stage," said the Captain, "does not in the least indicate that the shooter is a skilled marksman. The feat of hitting a small object placed at twenty feet distance can be performed by any boy with very little practice, and right here let me tell you that standing with the back to the object aimed at and catching the sight from the reflection in a small mirror is far more easy of accomplishment than facing the target and shooting in the ordinary manner. The gun is laid upon the shoulder, which makes a firm rest, and the eye can be sighted along the reflection of the barrel at the reflected target as readily as along the barrel itself. The country is overrun with men, women, boys and girls who do this fancy child's play on the stage, but experience at that kind of work does not prove the shooters to be marksmen any more than the ability to sail around a circle on a wooden horse at a country fair would prove the rider to be an expert horseman."

"How about the glass ball shooting from horseback that is such a feature in circus and Wild West exhibitions?"

"Well that is a trick pure and simple, though it is a trick not generally known. There are tricks in all trades and most of them in the show business than the American public, whom Barnum once said delight to be humbugged, dream about. I can confidently assert that there is not a man on the face of the earth who can ride a galloping horse and break glass balls thrown into the air, using bullets. That assertion may surprise you, but I know what I am talking about. Dr. Carver, with whom I once travelled, and whose rifle I often loaded for the performance of his wonderful shooting, can certainly strike any small object thrown into the air with a bullet, but he must have his feet firmly planted on the ground to do it. He is, without question, the most marvellous shot on earth, but he could not sit on a running horse and even hit demijohns if they were thrown up in front of him. It is absurd and ridiculous for any one to believe that the fine sight necessary to hit a glass ball, itself in motion, can be caught instantaneously, as such work would require, while the rider man was bobbing up and down with the motion of a running horse. This wonderful feat of breaking glass balls on horseback is accomplished by substituting small shot or bullets in the cartridges employed."

"Well, but a Winchester rifle would not fire shot and the rifle cartridges are held up to the sight of the audience?"

"To all appearances the rifle is the ordinary Winchester express rifle, but the barrel has been bored out smooth inside and the cartridges, instead of containing bullets, are filled with a charge of fine bird shot. Of course the majority of the people know a Winchester when they see it, and when a man armed with one of them dashes round on a horse breaking glass balls it is taken for granted that he is firing bullets, especially as the cartridges are held up before the view of the audience. The cartridges are, however, never handed round for inspection. Should you ever get hold of one just take out your knife and cut into the bullet, and you will find it a very clever imitation formed of lead-colored papier mache, and just beneath the bullet point you will discover a good charge of fine shot. A man ought to be able to ride astride of a streak of excited lightning and burst bglass globes with such an outfit as that.

"Do you think, Captain, that practice in the shooting galleries would help a man in any way to become a good shot in the open?"

"Certainly not; nor will practice even on the range make men good off-hand shots. A man may do beautiful work on the range and cover himself all over with marksmen's badges and be no good when it comes to hitting moving objects at unknown distances. You see, those crack shots shoot over perfectly level ground at targets of regulation size placed at carefully measured distances from the firing point. They use telescope sights for the longer distances, have gauges to mark the velocity of the wind, know just how far to raise the sights of the piece for such a distance as they desire to shoot. Why, under such circumstances, any one who is at all familiar with handling a rifle ought to be able to stab the bull's eye with nearly every shot. But take one of those crack range shots down to New Mexico and bring him out on the hills after game and he would be as much out of place as an Apache Indian would be in that land of pure delight where saints immortal reign."

"In what way?"

"Well you see the average game animal is not of a very accommodating disposition and would respectfully decline to select a level stretch of country, step off one, two, three or five hundred yards, notify the hunter of the exact distance and present to him a broadside to be shot at. As one of our American humorists said of women striking matches in the manner so dear to every masculine heart, 'they ain't built that way.' In hunting a man must be able to measure distance with the eye and to know the peculiarities of the ground between himself and his game. A gulch crossing the course of a flying bullet will draw it downward or depress it, and unless the hunter is aware of this fact and holds his sight accordingly he will undershoot. While I was in Wyoming Territory a few years ago, one of the cracks of the famous Crossmoor team came out on a hunting trip and I took him around and showed him where antelope were plenty. I have seen some bad shooting, but he was certainly entitled to the gingersnap. With my Winchester I struck game easily, but he hit only once out of twenty shots. He made wild guesses at distance, you know how deceiving distances are in that clear atmosphere, and an antelope 300 yards off he would reckon as being only one-third that distance and of course the bullet from his rifle would hit the ground far short of the mark. He was about the maddest man I ever saw. He didn't know what to make of it."

C. A. M.

Low is an aristocratic reformer.—Henry George's Last Speech.